Marie Cahill’s "Hottentot Love Song."

Lyric by BENJ. HAPGOOD BURT.

Music by SILVIO HEIN.

Intro.
Moderato.

Piano.

He was Hottentot, from a climate hot, Fell in love with a Zulu maid, That he used to see, in the Museum, Where he and the Zulu played. He would have his way Missus Hottentot she would be. He promised.

Copyright 1906 by Jos. W. Stern & Co. British Copyright Secured.

English Theatre & Music Hall rights reserved.
gaze all day in a love-sick way, At the posed outright to the maid one night, And she 
cute little Zulu dame; And if she drew near, she would married him on the spot; And now they spoon 'neath the 
always hear Mister Hot-tentot's love refrain. crimson moon, In the Land of the Hot-tentot.

Chorus.
If you love me true, as I hope you do, There's a room for you, in my
bun-ga-loo: And I swear to you, that I'll al-ways do, An-y-
thing for you, that you ask me to: Though it ain't a lot, it is
all I've got, For I'm no-thin' else but a Hot-ten-tot: If my skin ain't white, I've a
heart that's right, un' it's all for you. If you you.